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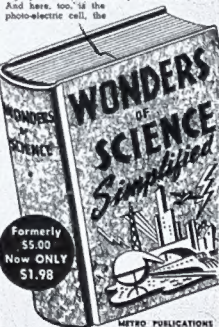
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HUMAN TORCH



TORCH AND TORO

GO ON SPECIAL
DUTY FOR THE
AIR CORPS FROM AN
EAST COAST AIR BASE
TO THE WIDE-OPEN
SPACES OF OKLAHOMA
THEY PURSUE THRILLS AND
DANGEROUS ADVENTURE
TO FIND A
STOLEN BOMBER.

ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD, A PAIR OF HUMAN COMETS WING THEIR WAY...

AIRPORT! AHEAD, TORO!
BOY, DON'T THOSE
BABIES LOOK
TOUGH!

YOU SAID IT!
WELL, THIS IS THE
BIGGEST BOMBER OUTFIT
IN THE EAST.

THEY...

HOLY SMOKE,
TORO! THAT
PLANE!
A WHEEL IS STUCK!

UH-OH! WE'D
BETTER GIVE
THE PILOT
A BUZZ!

HEY! YOUR
WHEEL
IS STUCK!

HE'LL NEVER
HEAR YOU OVER
THE MOTORS. I'LL
FIX IT!

CAREFULLY JUDGING HIS DISTANCE, TORCH SNIPS
OFF HIS FLAME AND GRABS THE CRIPPLED WHEEL.

WRONG TIMING AND
I'D HAVE BURNT IT
OFF. NOW, LET'S SEE
WHAT GIVES!

A SCREWDRIVER!
WEDGED IN! I'LL SET
ANYTHING THIS
WAS DONE
DELIBERATELY!

THE WHEEL DROPS INTO POSITION
EASILY ONCE THE OBSTRUCTION IS
REMOVED. TORCH FLAMES OFF AND
THE PILOT BRINGS THE PLANE IN.

COME ON, KIDDO!
I WANT TO FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!

MAJOR, THESE ARE
THE BOYS WHO
SAVED THE
PLANE—AND
THE DAY!

I
RECOGNIZED
YOU AT
ONCE, TORCH.
WE'VE HAD
OTHER SIMILAR
"ACCIDENTS"
HERE RECENTLY.



SUPPOSE WE STAY TONIGHT, MAJOR? JUST IN CASE YOU NEED US.

HOPE THOSE MATTRESSES ARE SOFTER THAN THEY LOOK!

FINE! YOU CAN SLEEP HERE.

A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN...

TORCH! WAKE UP! I CAN'T SLEEP! I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

HUH? OHOOO-OHAY! BUT THEY HAVE GUARDS POSTED.

THEY REACH THE HANGAR TO FIND...

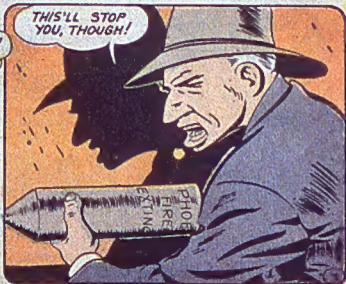
LOOK! THE SENTRY'S OUT COLD!

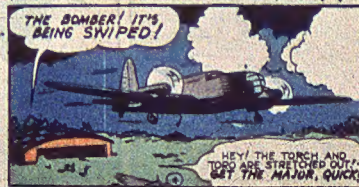
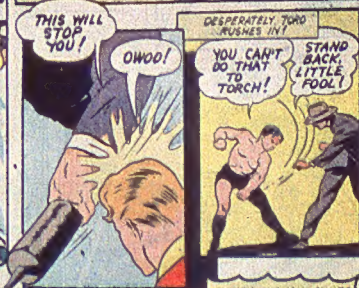
AND THE HANGAR DOORS ARE OPEN!

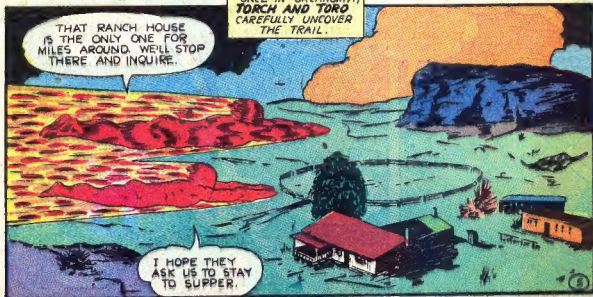
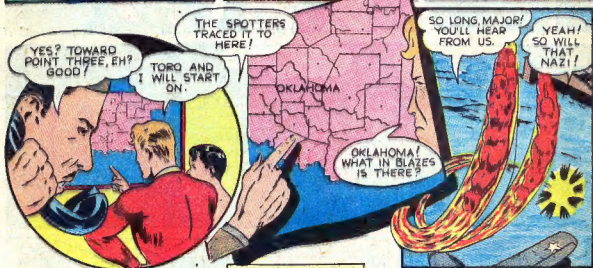
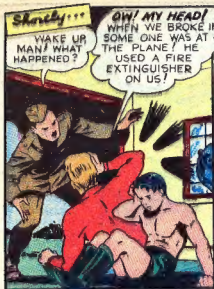
THE TWO RUSH IN...

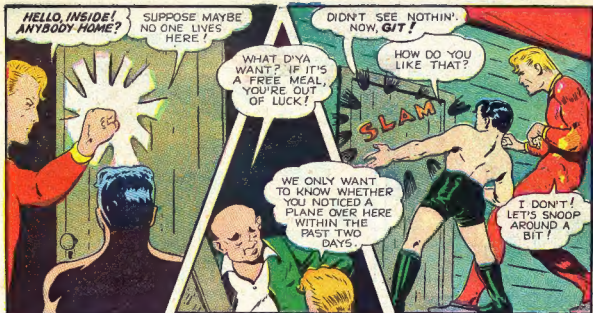
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING...

THAT SHADOW! FLAME ON, TORO!











WHERE DID THESE NIGHT-MARES COME FROM?

BEHIND—
AS
USUAL!



TILL IT
HURTS!

OKAY,
TORCH!
GIVE!



SEE WHAT
I MEAN?

HERE
COME
MORE!

UGG!



BUT-

WE HAVE YOU!
YOU MAY AS
WELL TURN OFF THOSE
FLAMES— THEY ARE OF
NO USE AGAINST THESE
ASBESTOS SUITS.

MAYBE
NOT— BUT
I CAN MAKE
IT AWFULLY
WARM!



ONE SECOND AND
WE WILL BE FORCED
TO TURN THEM OFF
FOR YOU... THEN
YOU WILL BE SHOT!

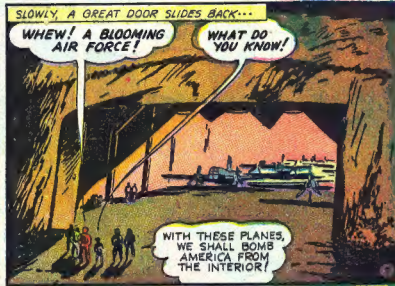
GUESS THEY
HAVE US, TORO.
DIM OUT!

I HATE
TO DO
THIS!



THEN, ONE OF THE MEN
GOES TO A TREE ROOT
PROTRUDING FROM THE
HILLSIDE.

THE COLONEL WILL
BE VERY PLEASED
TO SEE YOU!



SLOWLY, A GREAT DOOR SLIDES BACK...

WHEW! A BLOOMING
AIR FORCE!

WHAT DO
YOU KNOW!

WITH THESE PLANES,
WE SHALL BOMB
AMERICA FROM
THE INTERIOR!

FOR TWO YEARS, WE HAVE AWAITED THIS MOMENT. PLANES HAVE BEEN STOLEN AND OTHERS BUILT FROM THEIR DESIGNS. THEY WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED AS ENEMY BOMBERS.

(GULP!) TORCH, THERE'S THE BOMBER WE'VE BEEN CHASING!

WELL YOU FOUND IT—TOO LATE!

THE PRISONERS ARE LED TO AN OFFICE FAR IN THE BACK OF THE CAVE.

COLONEL VON GETTER, THE PRISONERS.

AH! I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!

GOOD STUNT—IF YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!

THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! SWIPE OUR PLANES, WILL YOU?

QUICK! THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

GET HOT, TORCH!

THEN—

THIS FOAMITE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HOLD IT, TORO!

ONE MOVE AND I'LL SHOOT!

LAY IT ON THICK!

WHAT A MESS!

WE'LL PAINT THEM WITH THE FIRE-PROOF PAINT! THEY'LL BE HARMLESS THEN!

GET OFF ME, YOU BIG HULK!

**TORCH AND TORO ARE
THROWN INTO A SUB-CELLAR**

THROW THE SWINE
IN THERE!

JA MEN
COLONEL!

GOSH!
ARE WE
IN A JAM!

**THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT AS THE COLONEL MAKES A
PARTING REMARK...**

THAT PAINT WILL CLOG
YOUR PORES AND YOU WILL
SUFFOCATE... AND, IN A FEW
MOMENTS, WE MAKE OUR FIRST
RAID ON NEW YORK. GOOD-BYE!

SO YOU THINK
WE'LL BE DEAD
WHEN YOU RETURN,
EH?

LEFT ALONE...

TORCH, ON
LOOK!... A SPOT ON
MY FINGER-TIP THAT
THEY MISSED! WE
CAN GET OUT!

WHAT
A BREAK!
GET BUSY,
KID!

IT WORKS!
JUST A SECOND
MORE AND...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NOT SO YOUNG
AS YOU USED TO
BE, EH, TORCH?

WHY DIDN'T
YOU MAKE THIS
HOLE JUST A
LITTLE LARGER?

WE'VE GOT TO GET
THIS PAINT
OFF!

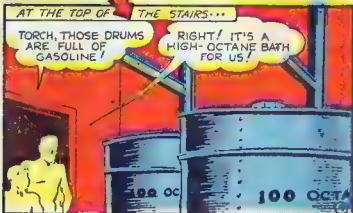
I'VE STILL
GOT MY FINGER!
THAT WON'T BE
OF MUCH USE,
THOUGH!

WE HAVEN'T
MUCH TIME—
BLAZE IT UP!

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...

TORCH, THOSE DRUMS
ARE FULL OF
GASOLINE!

RIGHT! IT'S A
HIGH-OCTANE BATH
FOR US!



SEEING THAT NO ONE IS AROUND,
THE PAIR MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

GET IN BEFORE
SOME ONE
SEES YOU!

GOLLY!
YOU LOOK
HUMAN
ALREADY!

FURIOUSLY THEY SCRUB TO GET THE PAINT OFF, THEN
THEY ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE HANGAR

HEY! THEY'RE
WARMING THOSE
PLANES UP!

YEAH! AND THE
COLONEL'S GETTING
INTO OUR BOMBER!

LAY INTO
THEM! WE HAVE
A SCORE
TO EVEN!

NOW
YOU'RE
COOKING!

VOS
IST?

WOULD THEM OFF,
TORO- I'M GOING
AFTER THE
COLONEL!

LEAVE ME
SOMETHING TO
HIT- I'M ALL
STEAMED
UP!

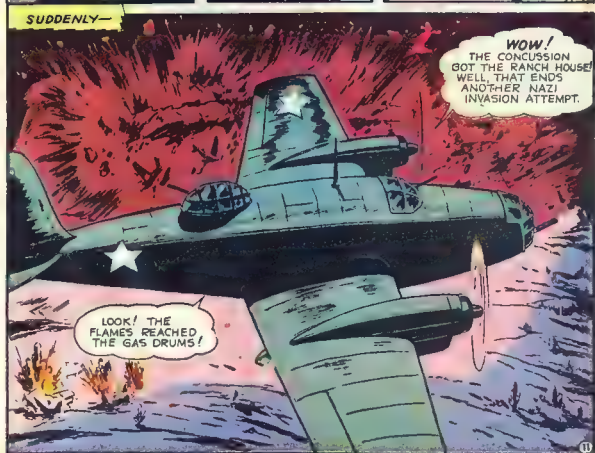
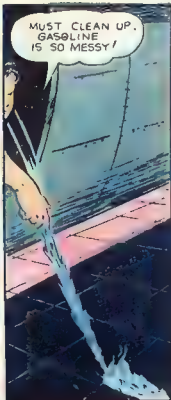
THOSE
MOTORS WILL
COVER THE
NOISE OF
THE FIGHT

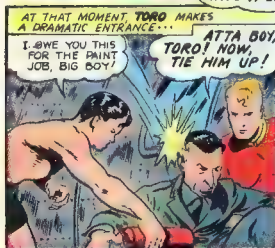
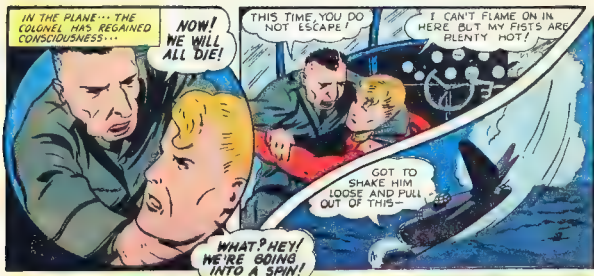
TORCH
CLIMBS INTO
THE BOMBER

SINCE YOU LIKE TO
HIT FROM BEHIND,
THERE'S NO REASON
WHY YOU SHOULD OBJECT
TO THIS!

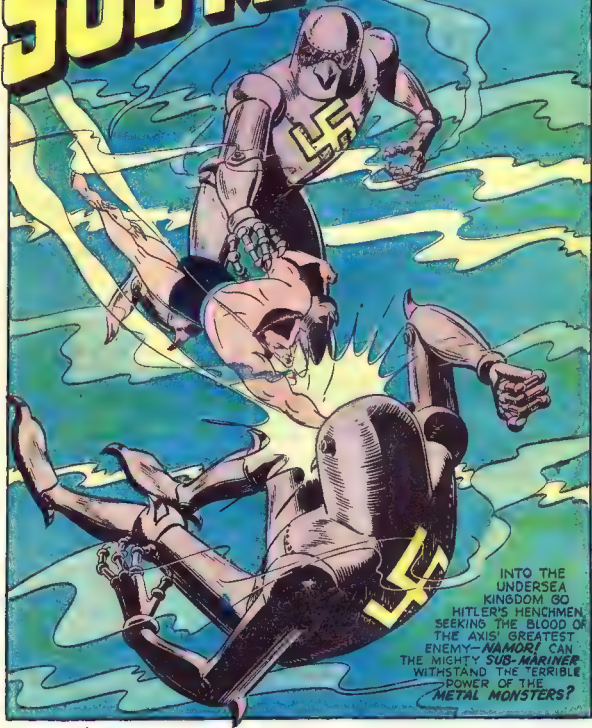
TORO! QUIT BATTLING
AT THOSE FLIES AND
HOP IN HERE!

ONE MORE HIT
AND I'LL BE
THERE!

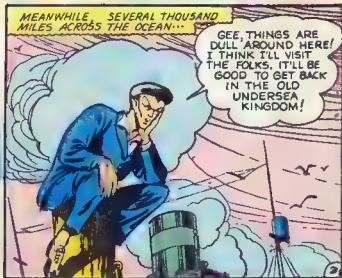
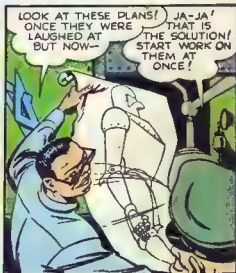
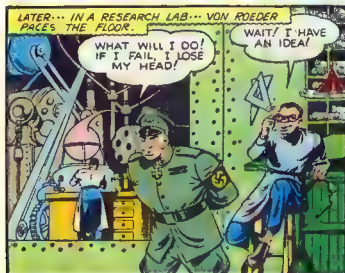
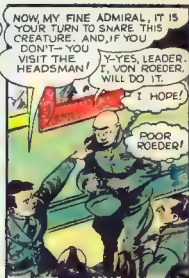
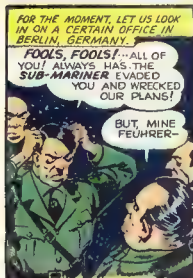


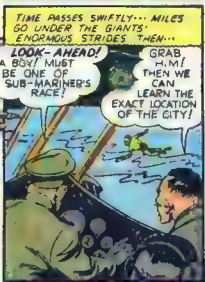
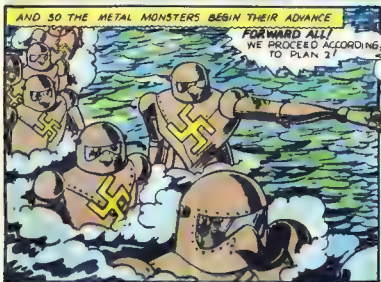


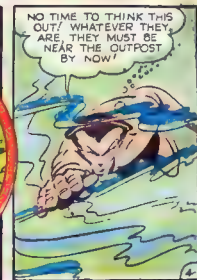
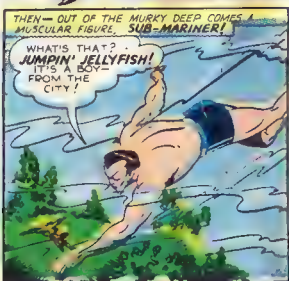
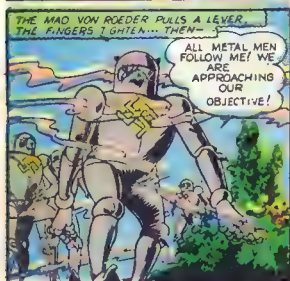
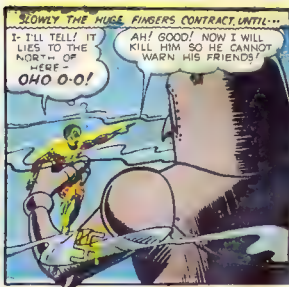
SUB-MARINER

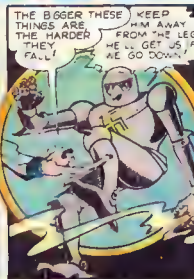
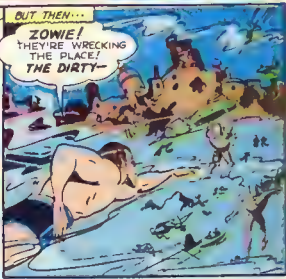
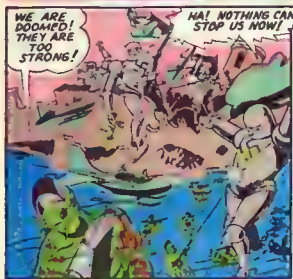
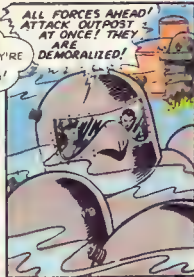
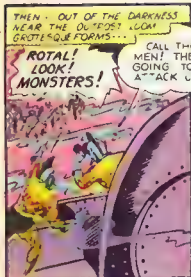


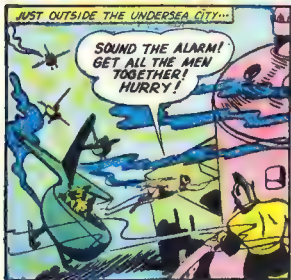
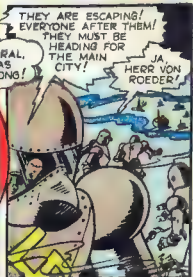
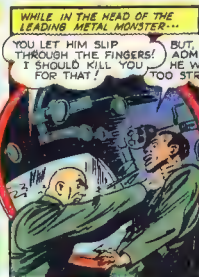
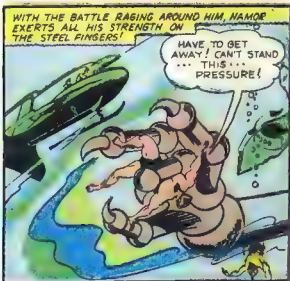
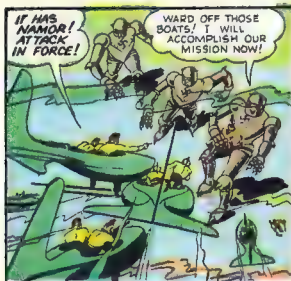
INTO THE
UNDERSEA
KINGDOM GO
HITLER'S HENCHMEN,
SEEKING THE BLOOD OF
THE AXIS' GREATEST
ENEMY—NAMOR! CAN
THE MIGHTY **SUB-MARINER**
WITHSTAND THE TERRIBLE
POWER OF THE
METAL MONSTERS?

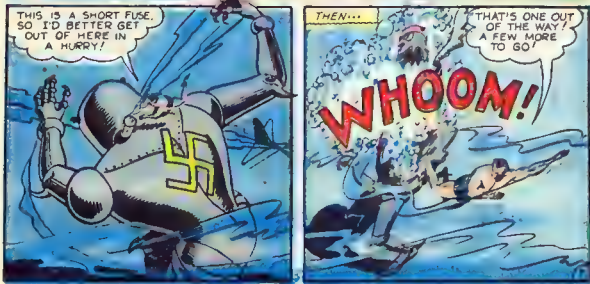
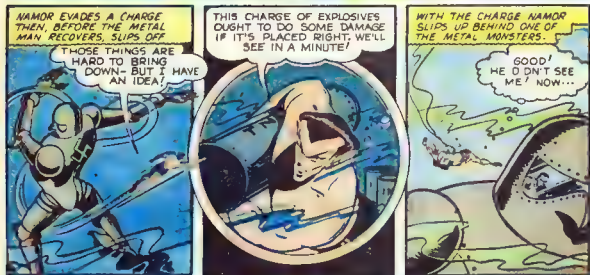
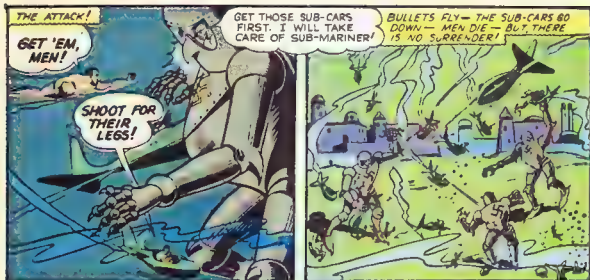


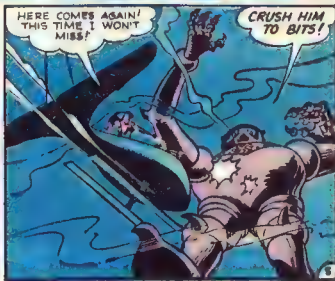
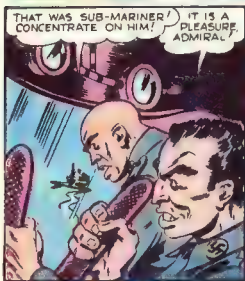
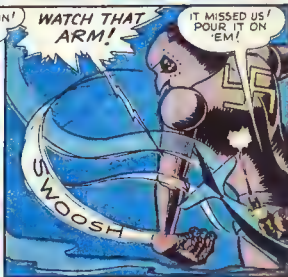
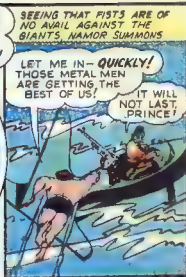












BUT HE DOES! JUST IN TIME NAMOR SWERVES
THE SUB-CAR, AND...

OF ALL THE LUCK!

WOW!
JUST GRAZED US!
HAVE TO BE MORE
CAREFUL!

JUST THEN...

HEY! THAT ONE'S
GOT A CAR! I'LL
FIX THAT!

YOU GOT HIM
IN THE NECK!
LOOK!

IN THE INSTANT THAT NAMOR'S ATTENTION
IS DIVERTED, ROEDER BRINGS THE METAL
MAN AROUND AND...

WE'VE KILLED HIM!

YEOW

THE PRESSURE
"DID IT AGAIN!
SOONER OR LATER
THERE WON'T
BE ANY LEFT!

WE'RE TRAPPED!
GOTTA GET OUT
OF THIS CAR
QUICK!

TWISTED METAL GRINDS AS
NAMOR AND THE SOLDIER
STRAIN AT THE STEEL MULK.

IT'S STARTING
TO GIVE!

HARDER!
PUSH
HARDER!

THEY SLIP OUT JUST AS...

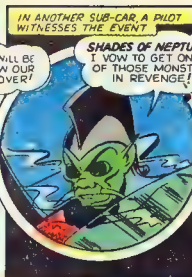
CRUNCH

WHEW!
JUST IN
TIME!



HA, HA, HA! I DID IT!
IT TOOK ME TO KILL
THE GREAT SUB-MARINER!

THE FEUER WILL BE
PLEASED! NOW OUR
JOURNEY IS OVER!



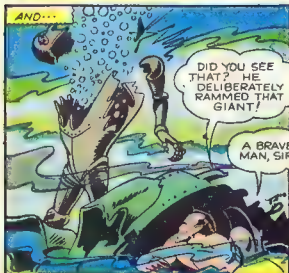
IN ANOTHER SUB-CAR, A PILOT
WITNESSES THE EVENT

SHADES OF NEPTUNE!
I VOW TO GET ONE
OF THOSE MONSTERS
IN REVENGE!



THE PILOT DIVES!—A
SUICIDE ATTEMPT!

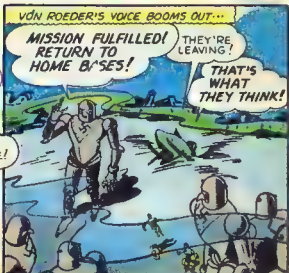
THIS ONE WILL
NEVER LEAVE
THE OCEAN



AND...

DID YOU SEE
THAT? HE
DELIBERATELY
RAMMED THAT
GIANT!

A BRAVE
MAN, SIRE!

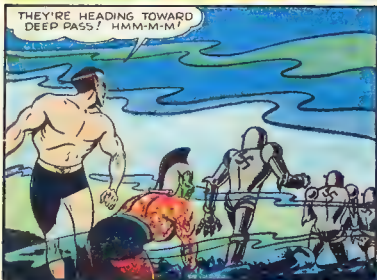


VON ROEDER'S VOICE BOOMS OUT...

MISSION FULFILLED!
RETURN TO
HOME B'SSES!

THEY'RE
LEAVING!

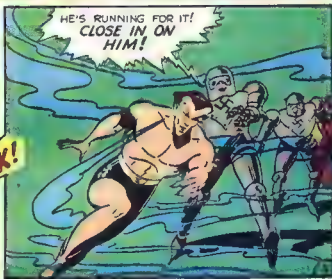
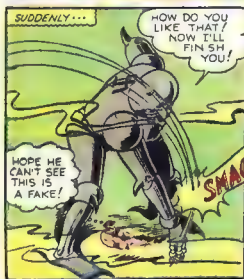
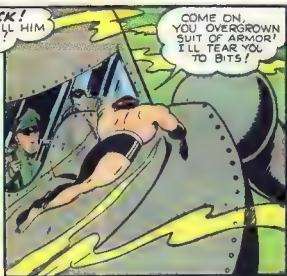
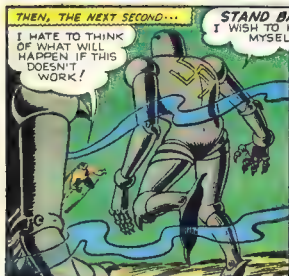
THAT'S
WHAT
THEY THINK!



THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD
DEEP PASS! HMM-M-M!



MEN! ATTEND TO THE
WOUNDED AT ONCE! I AM
GOING AFTER THEM ALONE.
AN ARMED FORCE IN THIS
CASE WOULD BE USELESS.



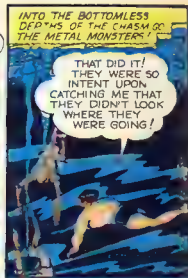


THE CHASE!

GOOD! THEY'RE ALL BEHIND ME! THE GREAT DEEP SPOT IS DEAD AHEAD!



HERE IT IS AND THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME RIGHT INTO IT!



INTO THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF THE CHASM GO THE METAL MONSTERS!

THAT DID IT! THEY WERE SO INTENT UPON CATCHING ME THAT THEY DIDN'T LOOK WHERE THEY WERE GOING!



IT WAS A TRAP! WE'RE FALLING!

ADMIRAL! THE SIDES ARE CAVING IN! THE PRESSURE—



ONE LAST SCREAM AND THE STEEL WALLS COLLAPSE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER.



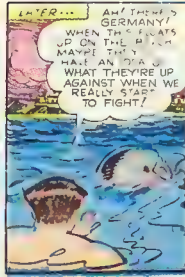
AS NAMOR KNEELS AT THE EDGE OF THE CHASM...

THE HEAD—RODDED OFF! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



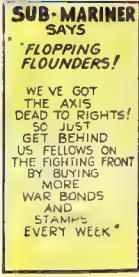
GRABBING THE MANGLED WRECKAGE, NAMOR SWIMS TO THE SURFACE.

THIS WILL BE A NICE TROPHY TO PRESENT TO HERR HITLER! I WISH I COULD DO IT IN PERSON!



INTER...

AM I THERE'S GERMANY! WHEN THE FLATS UP ON THE BEACH MAYBE THEY HAVE AN IDEA WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST WHEN WE REALLY START TO FIGHT!



SUB-MARINER SAYS

"FLOPPING FLOUNDERS!"

WE'VE GOT THE AXIS DEAD TO RIGHTS! SO JUST GET BEHIND US FELLOWS ON THE FIGHTING FRONT BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY WEEK"

JIMMY JUPITER

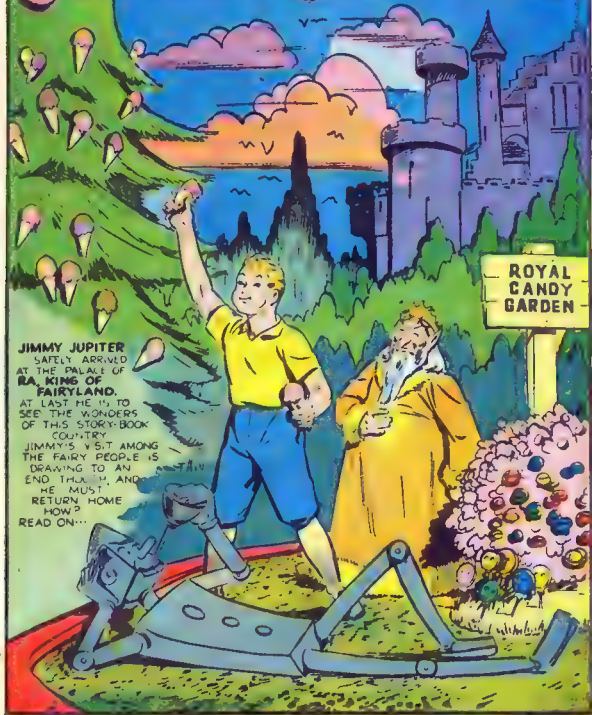
JIMMY JUPITER
SAFELY ARRIVED
AT THE PALACE OF
RA, KING OF
FAIRYLAND.

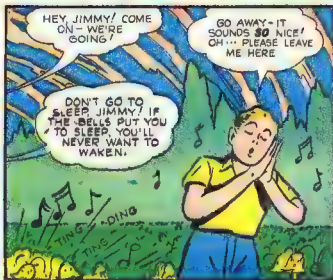
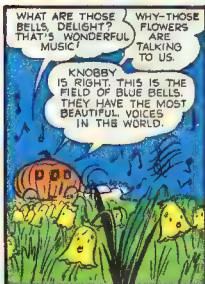
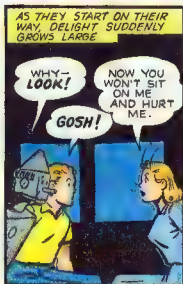
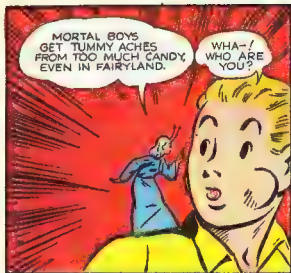
AT LAST HE IS TO
SEE THE WONDERS
OF THIS STORY-BOOK
COUNTRY.

JIMMY'S VISIT AMONG
THE FAIRY PEOPLE IS
DRAWING TO AN
END THOUGH, AND

HE MUST
RETURN HOME
HOW?
READ ON...

ROYAL
CANDY
GARDEN





KNOBBOY AND DELIGHT GET JIMMY SAFELY AWAY FROM THE INSIDIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OF THE BELLS AND HE IS QUITE HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN.

BUT WHY IS THE ROAD MADE OF CHINA NOW?

GOODNESS! WON'T IT BREAK?

THIS WILL SOON BRING US TO THE VILLAGE OF THE DRESDEN FAIRIES IT'S THEIR ROAD

BUT- IS EVERYONE HERE MADE OF CHINA?

I GUESS THEY DON'T TRAVEL AROUND MUCH IN CROWDS!

YES, WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN WE GET OUT.

WELCOME TO CHINA VILLAGE. I KNOW YOU CANNOT CLIMB THE GLASS HILL TO SEE THE CASTLE, BUT I WILL SHOW YOU OUR CITY

I'LL BE CAREFUL, I PROMISE

THIS IS CUT, OUR POLICEMAN

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT SPEAR?

IF ANYONE MISBEHAVES, I JUST CUT OFF HIS NOSE THEN HE HAS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL AND HAVE IT PASTED BACK

TO THE HOSPITAL?

JIMMY AND NOBBY ARE VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THIS TREATMENT FOR BROKEN NOSES, SO THE NEXT STOP IS THE HOSPITAL

OH WE HAVE 'CHIP' CASES EVERY DAY BUT ONCE I HAD A REAL JOB TO DO A BOY FELL AND SMASHED INTO HUNDREDS OF PIECES. IT TOOK ME DAYS TO PUT HIM TOGETHER

JIMMY AND NOBBY I THINK WE'D BETTER LEAVE SOON. THERE'S LOTS MORE FOR YOU TO SEE

ONCE AGAIN THEY RESUME THEIR JOURNEY

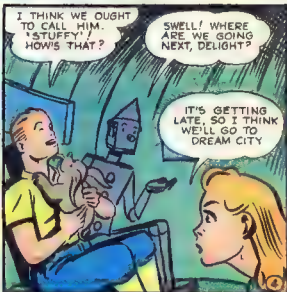
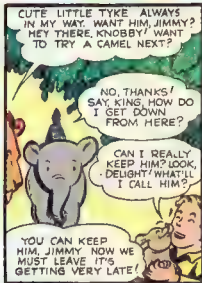
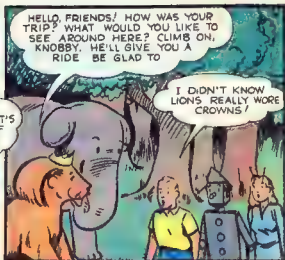
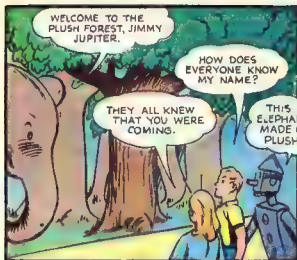
WHAT IS THAT UP AHEAD?

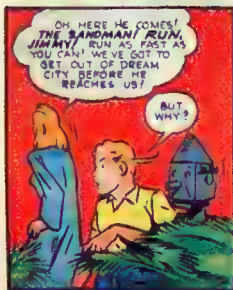
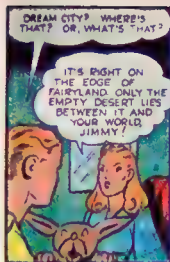
WE'RE COMING TO THE PLUSH FOREST.

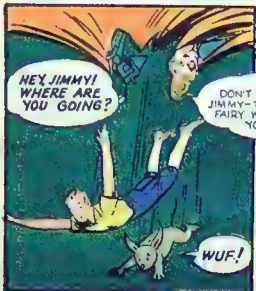
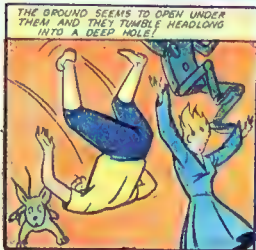
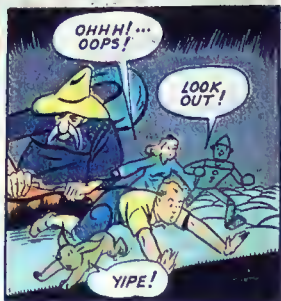
LOOKS AWFULLY DREARY!

WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?

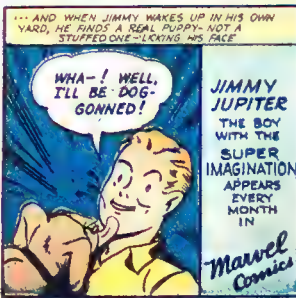
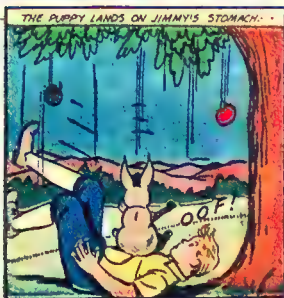
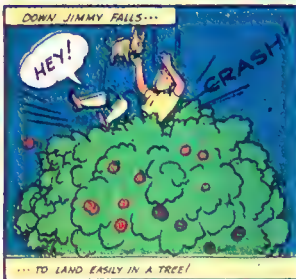
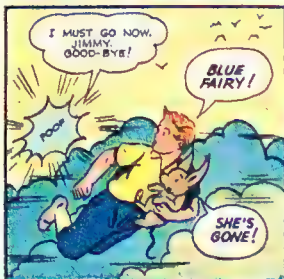
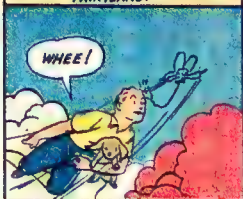
WHY- THERE'S AN ELEPHANT IN THE ROAD!







ONCE AGAIN JIMMY IS WHISKED THROUGH THE AIR BY THE HAND OF THE BLUE FAIRY, JUST AS HE WAS WHEN HE FIRST TRAVELED TO FAIRYLAND.



... TO LAND EASILY IN A TREE!

... AND WHEN JIMMY WAKES UP IN HIS OWN YARD, HE FINDS A REAL PUPPY-NOT A STUFFED ONE-LOOKING HIS FACE

JIMMY JUPITER
THE BOY WITH THE
SUPER
IMAGINATION
APPEARS
EVERY
MONTH
IN

Marvel Comics

Bait for SUCKERS

THERED BEEN NOTHING definite about Skeetso that

Pete could put his finger on. Nothing sufficiently important to warrant getting Skeetso kicked out of the big defense factory. He seemed harmless enough going back and forth in his ragged clothes, a battered hat rimmed round with fancy fish hooks on his sandy hair. As often as not, punting up the river from the bad-lands where he had a shack. Yes, he seemed harmless all right. . . .

"There's a war to be won," Pete told him the third time he caught Skeetso loafing around out in the loading yard. "You've got to do your share—or else!"

"That 45's close to your head," Skeetso's thin face drew into harsh lines about the mouth.

Pete felt anger brewing within him, but he carefully thrust it down, forced a grin to lips that were tight and hard. "Nobody's trying to ride you. No one will. I'm just giving you a tip. I'm not the only one who sees you hanging around here. You'll get the bum's rush!"

"Huh!" Skeetso spat thick tobacco juice. "Wouldn't make much difference. Don't like the danged joint anyhow. All it's done was ruin my hunting and fishing." He got up and knocked out the ash from the charred corn-cob as he slouched through the door and disappeared into the roar of the big factory.

Pete didn't like trouble and for a while after his spat with Skeetso, his pulse was fast and his eyes smarted.

Two days later, the thing

Pete had expected, happened. Someone saw Skeetso lounging around and an hour later Skeetso had his walking papers!

The workers were gone. It was a new factory and there hadn't been a night shift yet. . . .

On the way to the dressing room, Pete stopped off in the stock room.

Somewhere inside him Pete felt uneasiness bothering, and instead of going on to the dressing room, he turned aside and walked through the stock room, out onto the floor of the big factory. There would be guards on duty all night but, . . .

DARKNESS HAD SETTLED over the big new building and Pete moved through the gloom inside.

Everything was quiet now. He was half way across the stock room floor when he saw the rosy glow of flames off to his right!

A figure darted toward him. They crashed against the wall. Someone cursed and the breath in Pete's face was rank with tobacco. He felt cloth tearing under his fingers, twisted them deeper frantically, while his opponent smashed savagely at his face.

One blow drove his head back against a crate and his knees went soft. But he clung tenaciously, driving an answering blow in, feeling it hit solid flesh and bone; heard someone grunt with pain. Next second Pete's opponent twisted free, leaped away.

The glow across the room was high and Pete heard the crackle

of flames. He lurched across the huge room. The fire was licking hungrily up the side of a stack of crates!

Hurriedly Pete snatched up a fire-bucket and flung it at the flames. A great cloud of smoke billowed up, but the fire burst out again with a huge cough. A moment later, someone yelled, and other guards hurried in. Fire-fighting equipment was rushed to the scene and within twenty minutes, the fire was out. Battered and bruised and breathless, Pete flopped on the floor.

He realized he'd failed. There would be a black mark against him. Someone had managed to stay hidden in the factory after closing hours. Someone who had started a fire in an effort to destroy the factory. That someone had escaped. There'd be trouble for Pete!

Mr. Brown looked up as Pete entered his office. He nodded sharply to a chair.

"I have the report on last night's fire," Mr. Brown stated crisply. "I understand you discovered it. How is it that you were inside the factory after your hours?"

Pete hesitated. It seemed silly to say you had a feeling, a premonition. People'd think you were superstitious. . . .

"I—I didn't feel right," Pete blurted, forcing the words out against his will, not knowing what else to say. "I don't know how to describe it—"

Mr. Brown smiled frostily. "If you were uneasy over something, that was the time to make a report. Did you suspect someone?"

"No. It was just—just—"

"Where was your gun?"

"I still had it." Pete felt his pulse quicken, his mouth go dry. "But I—"

"Why didn't you use it? You lost valuable time tussling with someone in the dark and allowed that person to escape! You might have been killed. The fire might not have been discovered until too late. Did you think about that?"

Pete shook his head. "No. I didn't think. I don't like violence. Not the kind with a gun if it can be prevented. Things happened so fast that I just didn't think about anything!"

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the distant rumble of machinery. Then, Mr. Brown spoke sharply. "Return to duty. But remember the lives of thousands depend upon this factory. If you have any reason to suspect anyone of plotting to destroy it, make a report immediately! And don't go wandering around by yourself. You might get shot!"

That evening Pete took a walk. He had nothing definite to go on but he wanted to do a little checking up. The police had been investigating. They'd even called Skeetso. Considered an eccentric, a little "queer", general opinion held was that he was harmless. Local authorities at least, would be prone to laugh Skeetso out of any suspect list!

Pete turned off the main road, leaving his bicycle in the bushes when he got near Skeetso's shack. He went ahead on foot, peering uneasily out into the clearing. There was a little truck garden in back, with a few scraggly watermelon vines and some dilapidated stalks of corn. Skeetso was nowhere to be seen.

Pete walked across the clearing uneasily, pausing to pick up a shiny bit of metal, a spinner Skeetso used for fishing.

Pete pushed open the sagging door of the shack. Skeetso wasn't inside either. The smell of fish fat was heavy on the air. Blankets were slopped over the edge of a cot in one corner and the chimney sagged in the center like an aged away-backed horse. There was a heavy fishing rod and reel leaning against the wall.

"Whatcha looking fer?" Skeetso asked from the doorway. Pete jumped and turned to find Skeetso slouched against the door jams, chewing methodically, his leathery face lined and thin.

"Waiting for you," Pete said. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Bout what?"

"Different things." Pete fumbled with the fancy spinner. Skeetso came closer. His hat was pushed back on sandy hair, the band decorated with fancy flies. His eyes grew hard then.

"Where," he demanded softly. "Did yuh find that?" Pete toyed idly with the shiny spinner, smiling softly. Outside he heard a cricket, the wind tumbling softly around in the woods surrounding the old shack. It was lonely here. It was... dangerous.

"Where," Pete murmured, "did I find it? Want to know, Skeet?"

"Mebbe. It doesn't really matter, I reckon—"

"Yes, it does!" Pete snapped twifly. "It matters a lot." He gathered his muscles. He said, "I found it in the factory, Skeetso. Right after the fire. You dropped it. And you started the fire!"

SKEETSO DIDN'T MOVE.

His eyes were fixed upon Pete's face and a faint grin touched the leathery mouth. "Mebbe," he said softly, "I did drop it there. And the fire— Suddenly his mouth tightened.

His eyes flashed with anger. "The, got no business moving into my country!" His voice was like a whip. "Nobody wanted it but the skeeters and snakes and... and me—" Skeetso laughed suddenly. Next instant his hand whipped out a long bladed fishing knife and he leaned in, catlike...

Pete managed to parry the blow... It ripped down through his shirt sleeve and he felt the bitter lash of it through the flesh of his arm. Skeetso fought silently, craftily, using every cunning device he knew. The table went crashing. They fell, broke apart.

Next instant Skeetso leaped for the door. Pete plunged after him: But he felt groggy and sick, his breath was gone, his limbs ached.

Pete snatched up the heavy rod and reel and leaped out through the door. Dark was crisp and cool along the river bottom. He saw Skeetso's flying figure and Pete steadied himself, whirling the heavy lead plummet at the end of the short rod up over his head and then forward. The reel sang, the lead whipped out. An instant later Skeetso yelped shrilly as Pete snubbed the line, snapped the rod back. Skeetso's feet flew out from under him and he hit the dirt flat on his back. Pete leaped forward.

Skeetso had connected hard. He was out cold.

Skeetso recovered consciousness, tried the cords binding his arms methodically. He spat tobacco juice generously, glared at Pete.

Pete said quietly, "About that spinner—I found it out in the yard."

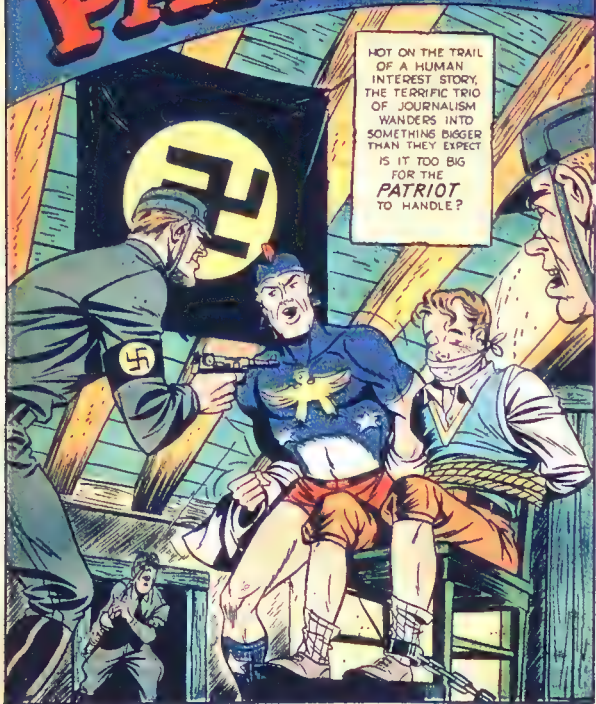
Skeetso got up, started along the trail toward the main road. "You're not so smart—"

Pete laughed softly. "I'm a good fisherman though and you sure bit—hook, line and sinker!"

The End.

the PATRIOT

HOT ON THE TRAIL
OF A HUMAN
INTEREST STORY,
THE TERRIFIC TRIO
OF JOURNALISM
WANDERS INTO
SOMETHING BIGGER
THAN THEY EXPECT
IS IT TOO BIG
FOR THE
PATRIOT
TO HANDLE?



"THICK LIPS" SCARBO, FORMER GANG CZAR, SITS IN HIS CELL

FIVE YEARS OF
ROTTING IN THIS
HOLE! AT LAST
IT'S JUST ABOUT
OVER!

HE IS SUMMONED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

YOU LEAVE HERE
TOMORROW A FREE
MAN, SCARBO. FROM
THERE ON, IT'S
UP TO YOU

I UNDERSTAND,
WARDEN!

MEAN-
WHILE,
IN THE
NEWS-
PAPER
OFFICE.

SO "THICK LIPS"
IS GETTING OUT.
OUGHT TO BE
A STORY IN
THAT.

YER DARN
TOOTIN' JEFF!

FORMER
GANG CHIEF
LEAVES PRISON
BROKE. WHAT'S
HE GOING TO
DO? HOW'LL HE
GET USED TO
HIS NEW
LIFE?

SOUNDS
SWELL,
BOYS. SO
WE'LL BE
THERE
FOR AN
INTERVIEW.

BUT THE NAZIS GET ANOTHER
IDEA!

THIS "THICK LIPS"
SCARBO IS
THE PERFECT
MAN FOR
OUR
SCHEME.

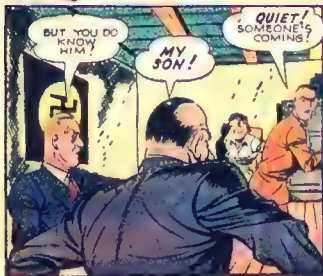
STAR & NEW
"THICK LIP SCARBO"
RELEASED

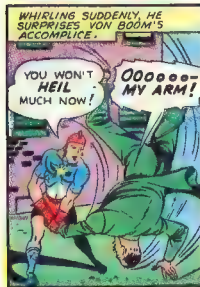
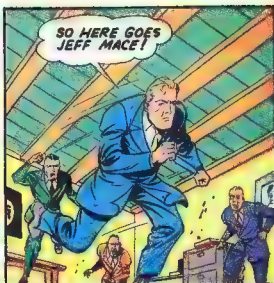
HE WAS ONCE
WEALTHY, BUT HE
WILL NEED MONEY
NOW VERY BADLY.

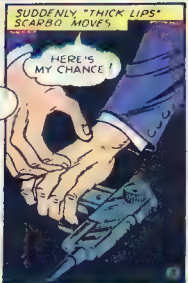
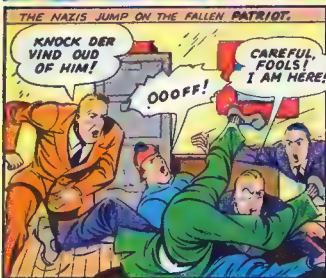
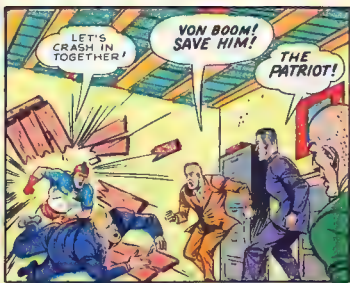
HE WILL PROBABLY
KNOW MANY UDDER
GANGSTERS WHO
WILL WORK FOR
MONEY.
VON BOOM!

JA! IF HE
HESITATES... WELL,
HE HASS A SON!
HA-HA!

VE KNOW
VOT YOU
MEAN,
HEIL!

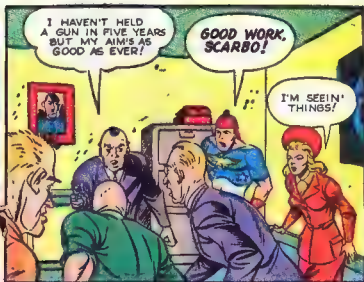








ALL RIGHT,
YOU PUNKS!
STICK 'EM UP!



I HAVEN'T HELD
A GUN IN FIVE YEARS
BUT MY AIM'S AS
GOOD AS EVER!

**GOOD WORK,
SCARBO!**

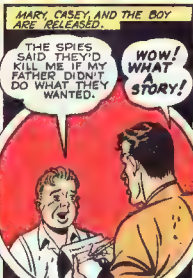
I'M SEEIN'
THINGS!



THE EX-CONVICT TURNS TO
THE PATRIOT...

I KNOW YOU
DIDN'T NEED ME,
MISTER PATRIOT,
BUT—

YOU WERE
GREAT, "THICK
LIPS"— BUT
HERE'S WHERE I
EXIT!



MARY, CASEY, AND THE BOY
ARE RELEASED.

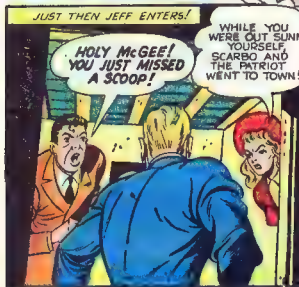
THE SPIES
SAID THEY'D
KILL ME IF MY
FATHER DIDN'T
DO WHAT THEY
WANTED.

**WOW!
WHAT
A STORY!**



"THICK LIPS" SCARBO
LAUGHS AT CRIME!
HELPS PATRIOT
ROUND UP
GERMAN AGENTS!
**BOY, O-BOY,
O-BOY!**

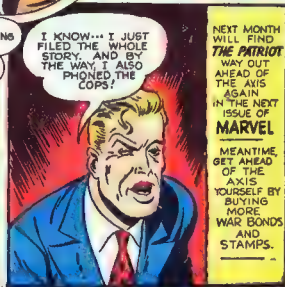
YEAH...
BUT
WHERE'S
JEFF?



JUST THEN JEFF ENTERS!

**HOLY McGEE!
YOU JUST MISSED
A SCOOP!**

WHILE YOU
WERE OUT SUNNING
YOURSELF,
SCARBO AND
THE PATRIOT
WENT TO TOWN!



I KNOW... I JUST
FILED THE WHOLE
STORY. AND BY
THE WAY, I ALSO
PHONED THE
COPS!

NEXT MONTH
WILL FIND
THE PATRIOT
WAY OUT
AHEAD OF
THE AXIS
AGAIN
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
MARVEL

MEANTIME,
GET AHEAD
OF THE
AXIS
YOURSELF BY
BUYING
MORE
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS.

THE VISION

MASTER OF MADNESS

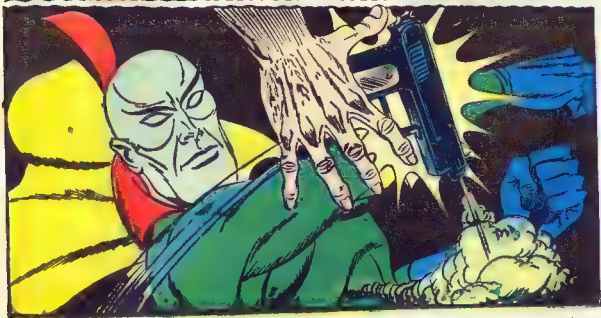


HUGO

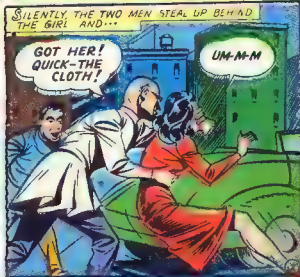
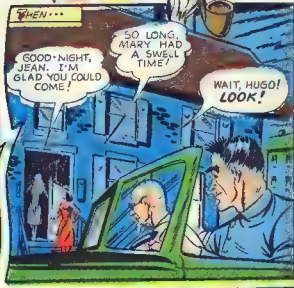
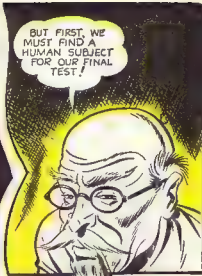
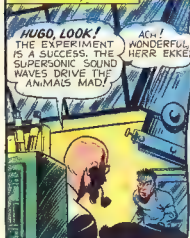
WHEN THE
MASTER OF MADNESS
PLANS TO STEAL
THE MINDS OF
WASHINGTON
DIGNITARIES,
HE NEGLECTS TO
CONSIDER THE
GREATEST
ENEMY OF
ALL
EVIL...
THE VISION!

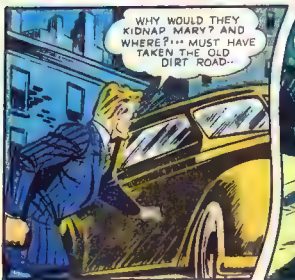
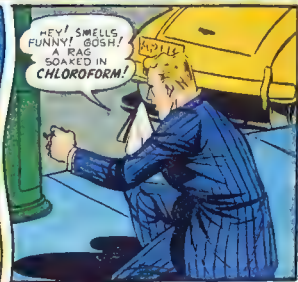
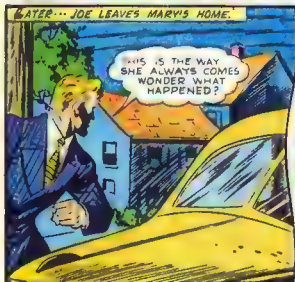
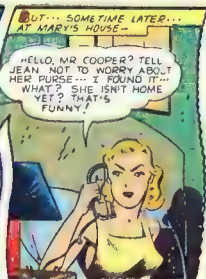
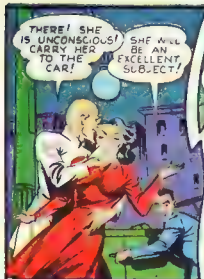


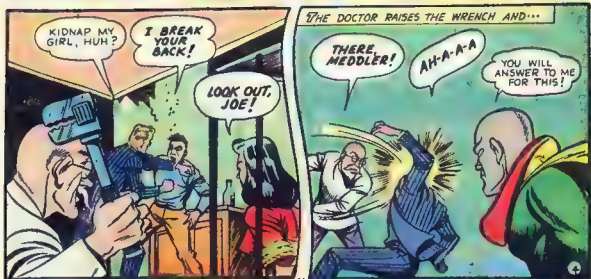
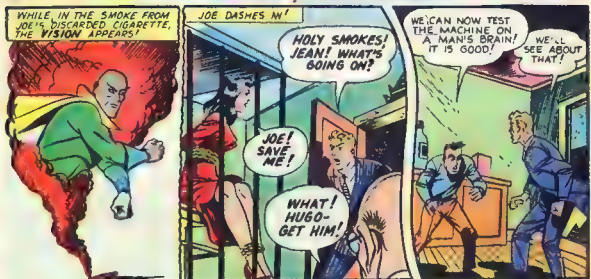
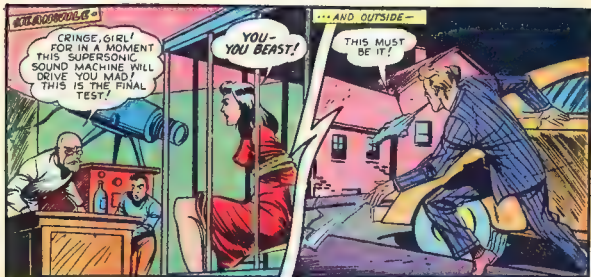
DR. HERR EKKER



IN AN APPARENTLY DESERTED
SHACK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF
WASHINGTON, D.C. ...





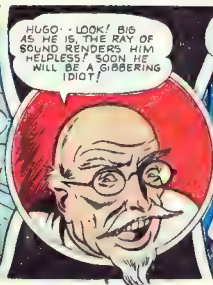




BUT THE DOCTOR LEAPS TO THE SOUND MACHINE.

YOU WILL MAKE AS GOOD A SUBJECT AS THE OTHERS.

YOU...



HUGO... LOOK! BIG AS HE IS, THE RAY OF SOUND RENDERS HIM HELPLESS! SOON HE WILL BE A GIBBERING IDIOT!

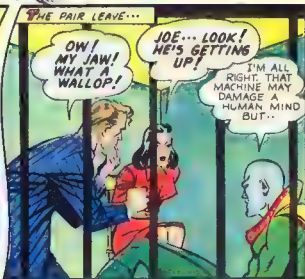
AH!... THAT COMPLETES MY EXPERIMENT. NOW, WE WILL USE IT, HUGO!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



I'VE PUT THE MACHINE IN THE TRUCK, DOCTOR.

GOOD! AND YOU—CONTEMPLATE THE FATE WHICH WILL BE YOURS WHEN WE RETURN!



THE PAIR LEAVE...

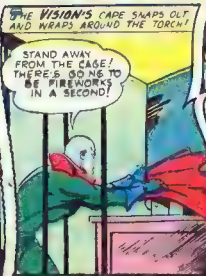
OW! MY JAW! WHAT A WALLOP!

JOE... LOOK! HE'S GETTING UP!

I'M ALL RIGHT. THAT MACHINE MAY DAMAGE A HUMAN MIND BUT...

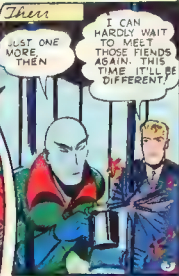


WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!... AH! NICE OF THE DOCTOR TO LEAVE THAT TORCH AROUND! THERE'S OUR KEY!



THE VISION'S CAPE SNAPS OUT AND WRAPS AROUND THE TORCH!

STAND AWAY FROM THE CAGE! THERE'S GONNA BE FIREWORKS IN A SECOND!



Then

JUST ONE MORE, THEN

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET THOSE FIENDS AGAIN. THIS TIME, IT'LL BE DIFFERENT!

WHILE ... ON A PEACEFUL STREET IN THE CAPITOL CITY...

TURN ON THE MACHINE, HUGO. HERE IS THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

IT IS A GREAT MOMENT!

THE SUPERSONIC SOUND WAVES REACH OUT INTO THE STREET...

AH-A-A-A-
HA-HA!
HA-HA!

AG-A-A!

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

STEP ON IT!

WE CAN'T DRIVE AIMLESSLY. PULL UP AT THAT TALL BUILDING AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THEM!

THE VISION CLIMBS SWIFTLY...

KEEP THE MOTOR GOING!

THEY

HERE THEY COME— IN ADVANCING WAVES OF PEOPLE GOING MAD! WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE IT REACHES US!

HANG ON!

HURRY! CIRCLE AROUND THE BLOCK ... WE'LL COME UP BEHIND THEM!

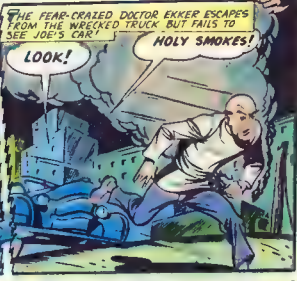
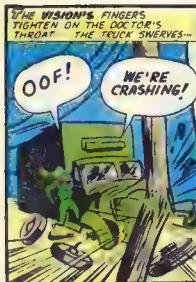
THAT MUST BE THEM AHEAD! WHAT NOW?

PULL ALONGSIDE! I'M GOING TO JUMP TO THEIR RUNNING BOARD!

AS THE TWO CARS DRAW EVEN, HE LEAPS...

WHAT TH---!

NOW!



THE
VISION
RETURNS
TO DO
BATTLE
WITH THE
FORCES OF
EVIL IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
Marvel
YOU TOO
CAN
COMBAT
THE ENEMY
BY
BUYING
MORE
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS!

Terry Vance

THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

IN
DR. WATSON'S
CALL
TO
FAME

THAT MAN,
CHIEF - HE'S
TRAPPED!

CHK-CHK

WE'RE DOING
ALL WE CAN,
TERRY, BUT HE WON'T
JUMP AND THE
LADDERS DON'T
REACH.

WHAT A
STORY!

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

DEADLINE DAWSON ANSWERS THE
CALL TO A STORY FOR HIS PAPER
AND TERRY VANCE ANSWERS THE
CALL TO ADVENTURE - BUT IT'S
DOCTOR WATSON WHO
FINDS THE GLORY!

**JUMP,
MAN! JUMP!**

CHK-CHK
LOOK, TERRY
A ROPE!

TERRY SEES DR. WATSON'S
PLAN AND PUTS IT TO WORK

LET NIM TRY.
HE'S A GOOD
CLIMBER

GO AHEAD -
HE'S A BRAVE
LITTLE ANIMAL

CHK
CHK

AND SO...

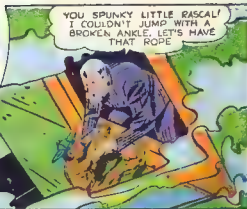
GOOD LUCK,
MONK -
BRING IM
BACK ALIVE!



WHILE ON THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET

WHAT A NEWSREEL
THIS WILL MAKE!

YOU'RE A
LUCKY DOG
MAX!

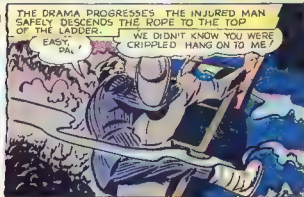


YOU SPUNKY LITTLE RASCAL!
I COULDN'T JUMP WITH A
BROKEN ANKLE. LET'S HAVE
THAT ROPE



WISH THEY'D HURRY!
THE CHIEF JUST TOLD
ME THAT MOST-OF THE
FLOORS HAVE FALLEN
THROUGH!

HOPE THE WALLS HOLD!



THE DRAMA PROGRESSES THE INJURED MAN
SAFELY DESCENDS THE ROPE TO THE TOP
OF THE LADDER.

EASY,
DAD!

WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
CRIPPLED HANG ON TO ME!

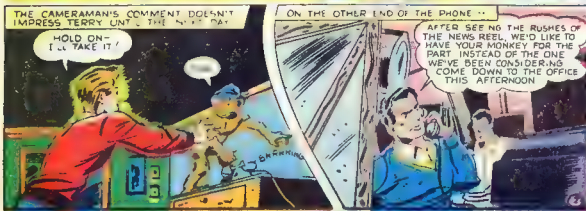


GOOD BOY!
I KNEW YOU
COULD DO IT!

THEN....

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO THANK
YOU

THANK YOUR MONK FOR
A GREAT NEWSREEL
SCOOP, CHUM. HE'LL
BE FAMOUS WITHIN
TWO DAYS!

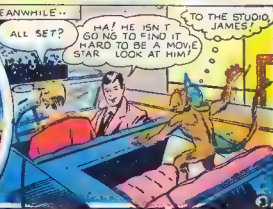
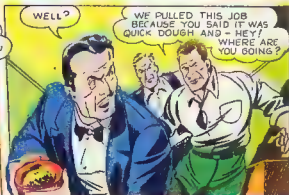
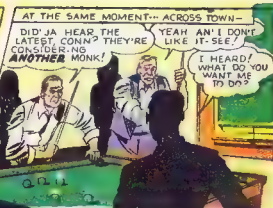


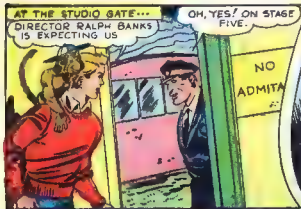
THE CAMERAMAN'S COMMENT DOESN'T
IMPRESS TERRY UNTIL THE NEXT DAY

HOLD ON-
I'LL TAKE IT!

ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE ..

AFTER SEEING THE RUSHES OF
THE NEWS REEL, WE'D LIKE TO
HAVE YOUR MONKEY FOR THE
PART INSTEAD OF THE ONE
WE'VE BEEN CONSIDERING
COME DOWN TO THE OFFICE
THIS AFTERNOON

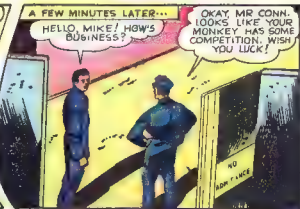




AT THE STUDIO GATE...
DIRECTOR RALPH BANKS
IS EXPECTING US

OH, YES! ON STAGE
FIVE.

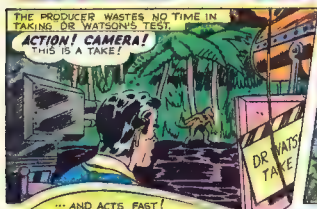
NO
ADMITA



A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HELLO, MIKE! HOW'S
BUSINESS?

OKAY, MR. CONN.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR
MONKEY HAS SOME
COMPETITION. WISH
YOU LUCK!

NO
ADMITTANCE

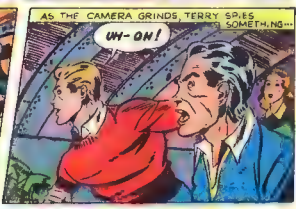


THE PRODUCER WASTES NO TIME IN
TAKING DR. WATSON'S TEST.

ACTION! CAMERA!
THIS IS A TAKE!

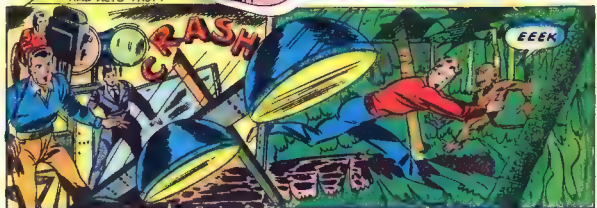
DR. WATSON'S
TAKE

... AND ACTS FAST!



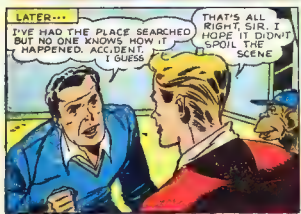
AS THE CAMERA GRINDS, TERRY SPIES
SOMETHING...

UH-OH!



CRASH

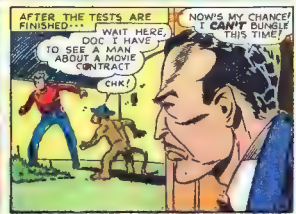
EEEK



LATER...

I'VE HAD THE PLACE SEARCHED
BUT NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT
HAPPENED. ACCIDENT, I GUESS

THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, SIR. I
HOPE IT DIDN'T
SPOIL THE
SCENE

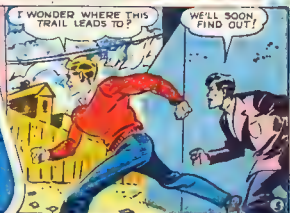
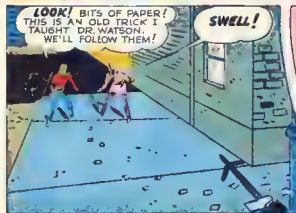
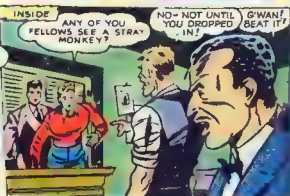
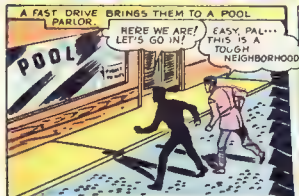


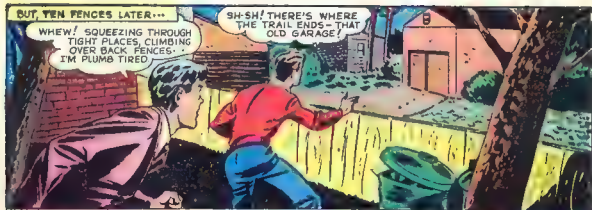
AFTER THE TESTS ARE
FINISHED...

WAIT HERE,
DOC. I HAVE
TO SEE A MAN
ABOUT A MOVIE
CONTRACT

CHK!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!
I CAN'T BUNGLE
THIS TIME!

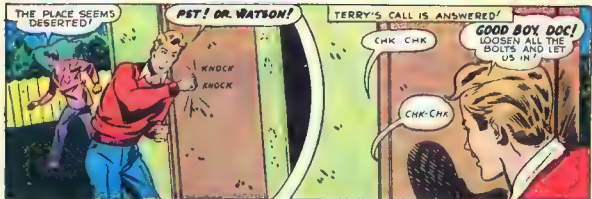




BUT, TEN FENCES LATER...

WHEW! SQUEEZING THROUGH TIGHT PLACES, CLIMBING OVER BACK FENCES... I'M PLUMB TIRED.

SH-SH! THERE'S WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS - THAT OLD GARAGE!



THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!

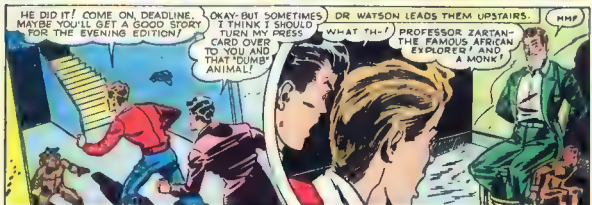
PST! DR. WATSON!

TERRY'S CALL IS ANSWERED!

CHK CHK

GOOD BOY, DOC! LOOSEN ALL THE BOLTS AND LET US IN!

CHK-CHK



HE DID IT! COME ON, DEADLINE. MAYBE YOU'LL GET A GOOD STORY FOR THE EVENING EDITION!

OKAY-BUT SOMETIMES I THINK I SHOULD TURN MY PRESS CARD OVER TO YOU AND THAT 'DUMB' ANIMAL!

OR WATSON LEADS THEM UPSTAIRS.

WHAT TH-?

PROFESSOR ZARTAN - THE FAMOUS AFRICAN EXPLORER! AND A MONK!

HMP



PROFESSOR ZARTAN EXPLAINS...

AND YOU SAY YOU BROUGHT THIS MONKEY, "CHATTER" FROM AFRICA LAST MONTH?

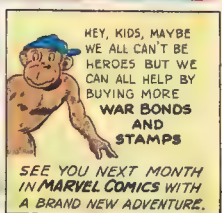
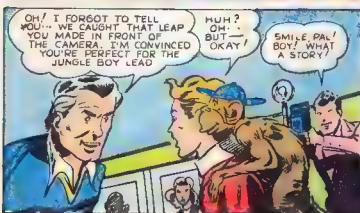
BUT WE WERE KID-NAPPED!

THAT'S RIGHT!

SSH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

AND BEFORE THEY CAN HIDE...

SO YOU FOUND HIM, EH? BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA TELL ANYONE, SEE! ... LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

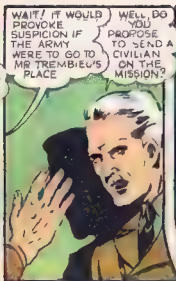


The Angel



THE destiny of the world was to be changed because of a man long dead... Why was it necessary for Hitler's foul henchmen to obtain the suit of armor? What has it to do with the war? The Angel knew and he also found out that he must -- destroy

"THE CURSE OF
Baron Trembieu"
before it was too late...



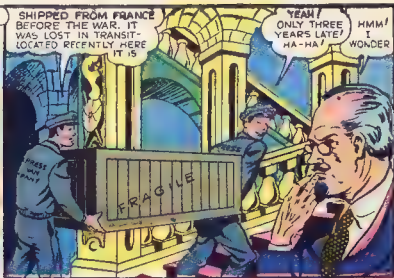
At THE
CHATEAU TREMBIEU, ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE BAYOUS
OF LOUISIANA...





PACKAGE FOR MR TREMBIEU
SIGN HERE

ME? WHERE
IS IT
FROM?



SHIPPED FROM FRANCE
BEFORE THE WAR. IT
WAS LOST IN TRANSIT-
LOCATED RECENTLY HERE
IT IS

YEAH!
ONLY THREE
YEARS LATE!
HA-HA!

HMM!
I
WONDER



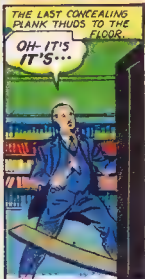
FROM MY BROTHER,
FRANCOIS! HE WAS
MURDERED ABOUT
THREE YEARS AGO!

GOOD NIGHT,
MISTER!

EH? OH
GOOD NIGHT

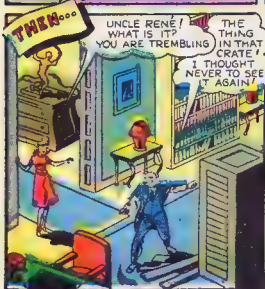


THEY NEVER KNEW WHO
KILLED HIM. NOW, WHAT
CAN BE IN THIS BOX?



THE LAST CONCEALING
PLANK THUDS TO THE
FLOOR.

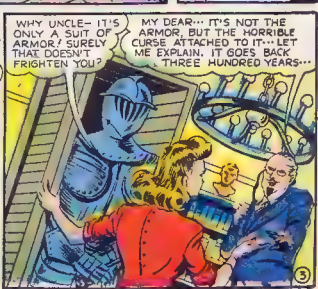
OH- IT'S
IT'S...



THEN...

UNCLE RENE!
WHAT IS IT?
YOU ARE TREMBLING

THE
THING
IN THAT
CRATE!
I THOUGHT
NEVER TO SEE
IT AGAIN!



WHY UNCLE- IT'S
ONLY A SUIT OF
ARMOR! SURELY
THAT DOESN'T
FRIGHTEN YOU?

MY DEAR... IT'S NOT THE
HORRIBLE
CURSE ATTACHED TO IT... LET
ME EXPLAIN. IT GOES BACK
THREE HUNDRED YEARS...

"BARON TREMBIEU THE FIRST, OUR DIRECT ANCESTOR WAS A ROBBER BARON, WHO STOPPED AT NOTHING FOR GAIN."

GET TO WORK
YOU LAZY
BEASTS!



"LIFE MEANT NOTHING TO HIM, HE MADE A 'SPORT OF MURDER!'"

ANSWER ME
YOU SWINE!



"BUT THE PEASANTS WERE TO HAVE THEIR DAY. THEY SECRETLY PLOTTED AGAINST THE BARON"

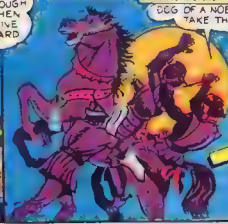
TONIGHT—
WHEN THE
MOON IS
FULL!

THE BARON WILL
BE RIDING THROUGH
THE FIELDS THEN
HE WILL RECEIVE
HIS JUST REWARD



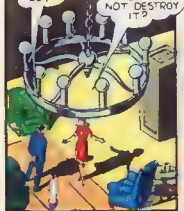
"THAT WAS THE LAST RIDE OUR ANCESTOR EVER TOOK. HE WAS AMBUSHED BY THE PEASANTRY HIS ARMOR RIPPED OFF AND HE WAS MURDERED"

"DOG OF A NOBLEMAN—
TAKE THAT!"



"YES, IT KILLED YOUR FATHER FRANÇOIS, THE LAST TREMBIEU IN FRANCE AND NOW, WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?"

THEN WHY
NOT DESTROY
IT?



DESTROY IT? NO! ALL THOSE WHO TRIED TO HAVE DIED BY FORCE! THE LEGEND IS THAT WHEN THERE'S A FULL MOON, IT SPILLS FORTH THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD NOBLEMAN—AND THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT!

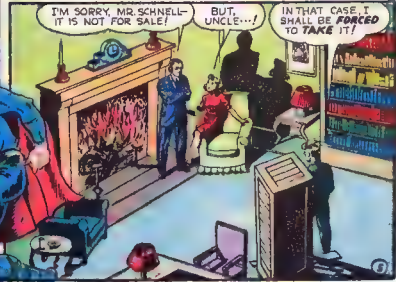
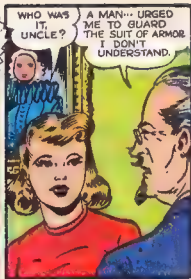
JINGLE—I'M AFRAID— IF THAT'S IN TRUTH HAS KILLED MY FATHER, THEN IT MAY KILL YOU!

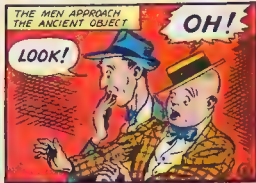
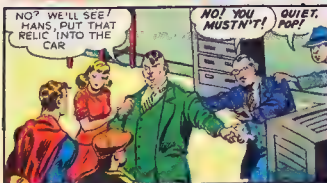
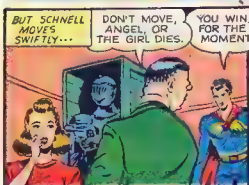
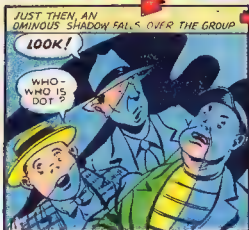


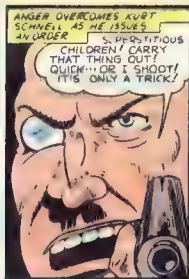
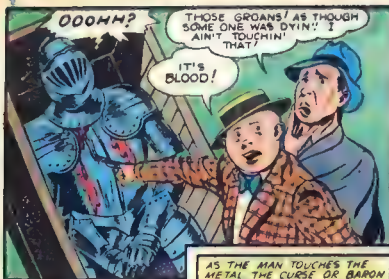
THE BARON MET A VIOLENT DEATH, AND A CURSE WAS PLACED UPON HIS ARMOR. IT HAS BEEN SYMBOLIC OF BAD LUCK.

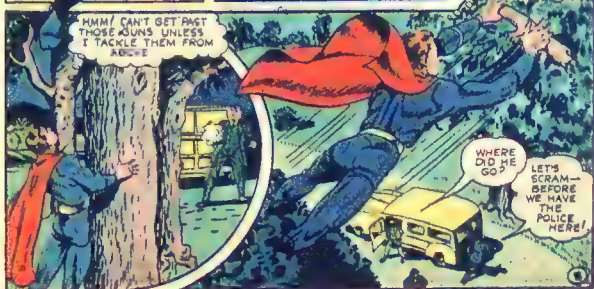
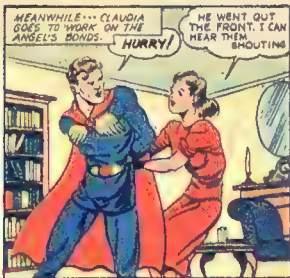
DO YOU
BELIEVE
HANS?











THE ANGEL REAPPEARS FROM ABOVE.

SURPRISE,
GENTLEMEN!



SOMETIMES CRIME WILL
PAY—IN BLACK EYES!

OH!

BUT

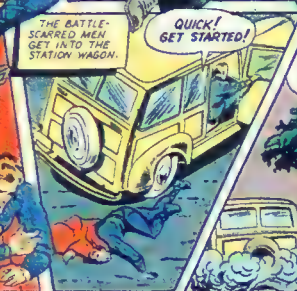
ENOUGH
FROM YOU,
ANGEL!

THE BATTLE-
SCARRED MEN
GET INTO THE
STATION WAGON.

QUICK!
GET STARTED!

OH!!
THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!
I'M TOO LATE!

Ohh!



AT THAT MOMENT— AT A
WINDOW OF THE CHATEAU...

THEY CAN'T GET AWAY...
I MUST STOP THEM!



BANG!

A TREMENDOUS BLAST RIPS THE CAR TO SHREDS AS THE ANGEL WATCHES.

OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!

NOTHING LEFT OF THEM! GUESS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN THINGS TO MR. TREMBIEU.

I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT EXPLOSION... DID I DO THAT?

YES UNWITTINGLY! LET ME EXPLAIN. YOU SEE, YOUR BROTHER,..... FRANCOIS...

THOSE MEN! THE CURSE OF THE ARMOR KILLED THEM, TOO!

ON THE STUDY--

YES--THREE YEARS AGO I LEARNED OF HIS MURDER

YOU CAME TO AMERICA WITH YOUR NIECE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. AM I RIGHT?

YOU NEVER KNEW, BUT YOUR BROTHER INVENTED A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE THAT WOULD HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED WARFARE AND MADE IT INCREDIBLY HORRIBLE. THE NAZIS WANTED IT--HE REFUSED THEM. BEFORE THEY KILLED HIM, HE SHIPPED A SAMPLE TO YOU.

- STUFFED IN THE HELMET OF THE SUIT OF ARMOR. YOUR BULLET ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED IT OFF AND KILLED THOSE NAZI AGENTS. THE EXPLOSIVE IS LOST TO MANKIND! PERHAPS IT IS JUST AS WELL!

THE CURSE OF THE ARMOR IS DESTROYED AT LAST!

AND SO IS A DESTRUCTIVE CURSE TO CIVILIZATION!

AND AGAIN, THE PROTECTIVE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS ACROSS ANOTHER THEATRE OF CRIME, THE CHATEAU TREMBIEU.

THE ANGEL--CRUSADER AGAINST EVIL--WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

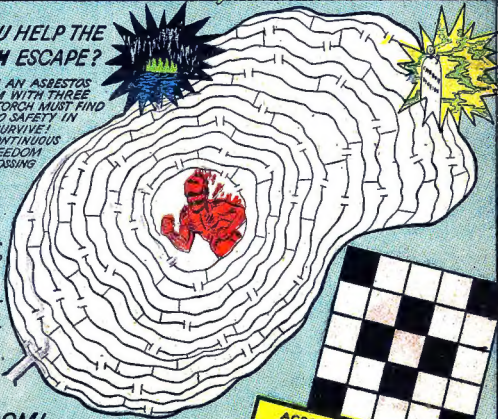
MARVEL Mental Mystery QUIZ!

CAN YOU HELP THE TORCH ESCAPE?

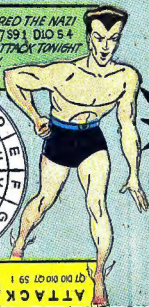
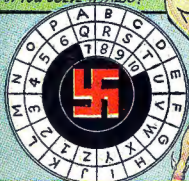
TRAPPED IN AN ASBESTOS LINED ROOM WITH THREE EXITS, THE TORCH MUST FIND THE PATH TO SAFETY IN ORDER TO SURVIVE! TRACE A CONTINUOUS LINE TO FREEDOM WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES!

ONE PATH LEADS TO THE HIDEOUS BLACK-WATER ROOM...THE OTHER LEADS TO THE CHAMBER OF CARBON DIOXIDE...THE FLAME QUENCHER...

TO FREEDOM!



SUBMARINER HAS DECIPHERED THE NAZI CODE MESSAGE: QT DIO DIO QT S91 DIO 54 YW X DIO QT DIO BR. TO READ: ATTACK TONIGHT AT 8. USING THE CODE BELOW, CAN YOU SOLVE IT ALSO?



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. BELOW | 1. STREET (AR) |
| 2. HUDSON TUNNEL(S) | 2. TWO (LATIN) |
| 3. FOR EXAMPLE | 3. NAZI |
| 4. NEGATIVE | 4. SOME ARE ELECTRIC |
| 5. ELEVATED SYSTEM | 5. EXCLAMATION |
| 6. CONCEALED | 6. BOYS NAME (SL) |

HERE'S A GOOD ONE!



IF YOU HAD 2 PLANKS, EACH 8 FEET LONG, HOW WOULD YOU GET ON THE RAFT IN THE CENTER? REMEMBER - NO NAILING OR FLOATING...YOU MUST MERELY LAY THE PLANKS DOWN AND WALK OVER IT CAN BE DONE!

ATTACK TONIGHT AT 8
QT DIO DIO QT S91 DIO 54 YW X DIO QT DIO BR

Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America

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and Name Engraved in 23 K. Gold
—Absolutely FREE

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Quality Leather
BLACK CALFSKIN
De Luxe VALUE

**Your Choice of Emblems,
NAME, ADDRESS, and Social Security Number
Engraved in GOLD — Absolutely FREE!**



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HERE

FREE!



This beautiful three-color Emergency Identification Plate carries your name, address and Social Security Number in gold, engraved in the way you want it.



Also FREE — If you order all items we have listed, we will send you this beautiful identification plate engraved with your name, address, city and state, and Social Security Number.

Here without a doubt is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name, you would expect to pay up to \$4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only \$1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three color lifetime Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc. It has four pockets, each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards.

When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember if you send your order promptly, we will include absolutely FREE, a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gift Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free Gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today, without fail so you won't be disappointed.

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**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,
Dept. 124, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago.**

If you want a LODGE, or ARMY or NAVY Insignia, state name here: _____

Remember, I enclose \$1.98. Please send me a handsome Calfskin Billfold with my name and choice of Emblem engraved in 23 K. gold. Include Emergency Identification Plate, key tag and gift chain to match, all hand engraved with my name, address, city and state. Rush this coupon to Dept. 124 and gift chain to match, all hand engraved with my name, address, city and state.

My First Name: _____ (Please print clearly)

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Social Security Number: _____ Army Draft Number: _____

Please ship the above C.O.D. for \$1.98 plus a few dollars postage and C.O.D. charges.



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